

## [Louis Jaffe]

Duplicate

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York State

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth

ADDRESS 47 W. 69th St.

DATE Nov. 17, 1938

SUBJECT LOUIS JAFFE TELLS OF A BURIAL

1. Date and time of interview

November 17 and 18th

2. Place of interview

Mr. Jaffe's Shop

3. Name and address of informant

Mr. Louis Jaffe 897 Eighth Ave.

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

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(See former report)

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM B Personal History of Informant

STATE New York City

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth

ADDRESS 47 W. 69 St.

DATE November 17, 1938

SUBJECT MR. LOUIS JAFFE TELLS OF A BURIAL

1. Ancestry

(See former report)

2. Place and date of birth

3. Family

4. Places lived in, with dates

## Library of Congress

5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates
7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities
9. Description of informant
10. Other Points gained in interview

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NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York State

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth

ADDRESS 47 W. 69th St.

DATE Nov. 17, 1938

SUBJECT LOUIS JAFFE TELLS OF A BURIAL

In de uld country, dere vas vunce, maybe dot veel induse you dot your boss vould coll on me, a reech man Jew dot lived near a tonne like on de otskoita end he vas so stingy dot he vould nevair spend a dollair or geeve a neeckle fur cherity. Dem days dey having in de community de idea dot if you're geeving somting to de community ven somevun he dies, costs less. De reech man is not belunging to de organization of the cemetary belunging

## Library of Congress

to de tonne. Dey poisonal had to pay a coitin amont after his means fur de burial gronds end undertaking. Being dot he vus so stingy so dey said he hes an uld fahdair, ven his fahdair veel die, ve veel get dis man, ve veel ohgg him plenty. In vun vay or annahdair he fond oat dot dey pleened to do dot for ull his brutalities dot he done, dot he nevair spent a penny dey are getting even on him. He nevair gave a man somting, a drink or if somone came you esk if he vus hungry, you geeve him to eat, he vould nevair osk a poison. Finally it happens vounce dot vun day his fahder finally dies.

In a smull tonne instead of de tailor shop, dare vas always vun who vould do dis voik but instead de people should come to him he used to take on his beck a beeg bog vid a hand machine, tread, needles, 2 iron and so fore and come to coitin families and sew for dem. Dey used to weave dere materials, cotton. Finally dot tailor Sam comes in de morning. Ven he pess dis house de reech vun culls to him he should take a rest. He eske him vair you goying so early? "Maybe I get som voik, I go around somtimes to de fahmers." "Do you pray already? Go ahead, dahvin (pray). Den you veel hev som breakfast." Sam vus surprised natural, but he put his Talis (prayer shawl) on. "Maybe you vould hev some schnapps, "de reech man asked. Sam hed vun, two. "Take annahdair." Finally dot tailor got so drunk dot he dindt know vair he vus. De reech man he tuk off ull de clothes from de tailor and put on his dead fahdair and feexed op his beard, end feexed him op just like de tailor, end he put his fahdair wid de beg vid de machine on de road by de deetch. Den he poured into de tailor as moch viskey as he could.

Finally from de tonne a man drives his hoss end vogen and sees a man sitting on de road. He goes ovair end pooshes heem and sees de man is dead. So he made a hollair, "It's Sam de Tailor". Vat could he do. De ritual is he must be buried de same day. He brot him to de undertaker who cleaned him and feexed him up and buried him. His voman saw dot he vas her husband so she set sheever seven days you know how it ees, for seven days on boxes. Now ve'll leave him go and come beck to de real tailor.

Vat could he do vid de tailor. Efter all he's drunk, so de reech man vent over at night on de cemetery and dug out a hole and put Sam de tailor in. In dose days, ven people expect to die dey always hed white clothes ready in deir bureau, tachiches (shrouds). He took dis tachichen end put on de tailor. He dindt trom dirt on him, just put buds (boards) on de top and vent away. End den he hoid de news dot de tailor vus buried so he leffed. Dot tailor de vind blew 3 out ull de vhiskey out of him. He gets op in de morning end tuins arund end sees he is in white. He stood op end thows de buds uff. He knows how a dead vun is buried so he says I must hev died. Tinks to himself, if I'm on de cemetary end having everyting dot a dead man vears, I must be dead. Seems to me I'm alife. He stots getting hongry. Nevertheless it's possible dot all people are coming beck end dey are getting hongry. He lays donne again. Seems to him dot his punishment is dot efter he is dead he is hongry. Finally he lays aronned he dont know vat to do, is night end he is hongry. Has got a plan, vat you call to setisfy his hunger. Near de cemetary is a baker who bakes bagle dot brings dem to tonne. Dey usually go in a besket to delivair dot. In de morning de boy comes by vid de bagle and Sam runs op end grabs and puts in his bosom. De boy runs beck to de shop vid de empty basket end fulls on de floor. "Vat's de metter" esks de boss. "Sam de tailor dot died a couple days ago, he run uff de cemetary end took ull my donuts." De boy is totting to faint. De people ull leff. "Don't I know Sam de tailor from de town" he says. But de people dey say, "How could it be? How did he look?" "He come in his dead clothes. He dindt say vun vord, just feeled op his bosom and ren beck on de cemetary."

De next morning he vas not goying to deliver de bagle. He dindt go dot day, he vus not felling so good. Sam de tailor vatches for him. 'Efter all is it possible dot I am dead? He hes to leave water (you should excuse me, he nevair hoid a dead man should hev to to dis. Maybe efter he died somting is wrung. 'I know how to find out. I'll look in my vindow. Inde middle ot de vindow a leetle lamp boins end I'll see dot there is boxes end my vife end cheeldren sits sheever. So he vent home in de middle of de night end looked in and he sees a leetle lamp is boining end de vife is sitting sheever.

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So now he knows dot he is dead end he lays in de gronned again. In de morning dot boy vent to deliver to his customairs again, cause he voiked fur a boss end he hed to go end Sam grebs again. De boy fulls into de shop hollairing "Sam took again." De boss is vary angry. "Tomorra morning I am goying myself. I vant to see if dis is true." Finally he goes himself. Sam grebs de bagle. "You are dead" de boss hollairs. "All I know is I am hongry." "Vell, you come vid me to de Rabbi. He veel tell us vat to do." So he takes him by de collar end brought him to de Rabbi. "Look, Rabbi, a dead vun come back frum de cemetary." Natural de Rabbi knows his business so he says, "Isn't it a fect dot I vus to de funeral, dot you died fife days ago?" "Rabbi", said Sam, I know dot I lay in de ground on De cemetary end dot I am hongry. I must eat." De Rabbi stots greduel examing him abot his seens. "How did you live?" "I vus a poor tailor ull my life. I used to go out to sew fur fahmairs ot uf tonne. On Soturday I used to com home," Finally he stotted qvestioning him frum day to day. De ony ting dot comes to memory that he vus over to dot Isreal, dot reech vun dot hed a road house end he asked him he should hev breakfast. De Rabbi ordered dot a committee uf tree men should go dere end find out vats vat darr. Dey find out dot his fahdair died. "So you ull waited for me to get even vid me. Now I get even vid you people. I know vat you vus goying to do." Vat could de Rabbi do now? He toined to de reech Isreal end said, "Frum dis day you shell be knows as he who gave op his fahdair's name fur a few pieces guld." End you know, Miss Rutt, no vun would go near his business or tuk to him end ven he died no vun knew abot it fur a lung time. In dey house dey fonned guld onder de floors, in peetchairs, ull ovair but vat good vus it to him now. You see, he died frum stahvation cause no vun vood com near to 5 him end sell him food end ven his pentry was empty dere vas notting he conld eat. It's a lesson my moddair tuld me end I tell it to my cheeldren. A fahdair's name is sacred. Dunt sell it fur a lettle money."